

Good Morning

The Daily Paper of the Submarine Branch
With the co-operation of the Office of Admiral (Submarines)



News from Down Under for A.B. Alfred Hood

Do you remember, A.B. called on them. Your mother Alfred Hood, when you is now giving music lessons to were in a bus in Perth, West- Derek and John, and she is ern Australia, and talked to a still doing plenty of church schoolboy. Paddy Fisher, who work. Norman is quite well, wanted you to tell him all and they have received a long about Perth in Scotland? He letter from Albert. He was so pleased with what you Winnie and Barbara were told him that he promised you recently at your home. he would write to your Mum and Dad. Your bicycle is still upstairs, and Dad keeps the tyres pumped up, and Mum cleans out your room every day. Well, young Paddy Fisher, of 25 Magelong Road, Holly- wood, Perth, Australia, has sent an airgraph to your parents at 162 Prince of Wales Lane, Warstock, Bir- mingham, and has told them all about your meeting in the bus and what a nice chap you were. They have heard from your fiancée, Jean—her photograph has a prominent place on the piano. By the way, she has written to say she has just had another nephew. Leslie Juggins is home from Your mother and father abroad and is now in hospital were reading his letter when I in Birmingham.

This Picture, E.R.A. Fred Vaughan, Brings Visions of Pumpkin Pie



THIS picture should arouse tantalising visions of pumpkin pie for E.R.A. Fred Vaughan, whose home is at 60 Beaconsfield Avenue, Cosham, Portsmouth. In Canada, Fred's people were great pumpkin raisers, and since the family came over to England in 1935, Mr. Vaughan has made pump-

kins and hens his hobby. The one your Dad is holding, Fred, weighed 24lbs. Your mother's was just 12lbs. Your Dad's description of how pumpkin pie is prepared was enough to make any gourmet's mouth water. "And you don't get it in the Navy," he chuckled. Well, pumpkin pie "a la

Vaughan" sure sounds good to us, Fred. There is a grand tuck-in awaiting you when you have finished your job of mopping up. Sorry we can't change your ration of heat for a nice solid chunk of real Canadian cold weather, so that you could get in a little ice skating now and again, but we hope that is only another pleasure deferred. We hear that ice skating is still going strong at a place you know of on the South Coast, and now that the ban on movement in the coastal areas has been lifted, you can bet that your Dad and Mum, as well as your sister Joan and her fiancé, will soon be drifting along there for a spot of ice hockey again. Perhaps we may have our own rink in Southsea after the war. Your sister must be very proud of the part her fiancé has played in the game. We trust that the injury he received to his hand on D-Day will not prevent him showing his prowess again. Incidentally, your Dad's hand is extended in the picture for the good reason that he's feeding the hens. We think there are about ten of them—some folk still can't tell a hen from a rooster, anyway!—and when your Dad told us he was getting ten eggs a day, we were

Unsung Saga of Blinded K-Boat

BARROW-IN-FURNESS cor- respondent, J. M. Lelland, tells me a story of adventure on board a British submarine in the last war, which has never previously been recorded. Ex-head-foreman Bill Leslie, recently retired from Vickers-Armstrongs Ltd., was his in- formant.

It was towards the back end of 1917 when one of the few experimental K-boats was taken out on her trials. There were about 100 men on board, including Sir Reginald Skelton and other officials of the Admiralty, along with Sir James Callander, the present general manager, and other officials of the firm. The trial was marred at the commencement, for on reach- ing the south end of Walney Island the vessel got into shallow water and ran aground.

The K4 was the largest sub- marine built up to that period, and also the fastest.

SHE was driven by Parsons turbines and had a surface speed of 26 knots. She had gone out from Barrow in the early morning, but for 12 hours she lay beached on Walney

Island, after which she was re- floated.

A destroyer escorted her, but the weather became very rough and the destroyer had to leave the submarine and make for shelter in the Mersey. The submarine completed her trials and was off the Irish coast when an impenetrable fog

submarine was able to crawl back to Morecambe Bay, where, by signalling, it was located by a destroyer at anchor in the Bay. Later, the harbour authorities at Barrow sent out a tug-boat, and on this the Ad- miralty and other officials re- turned to Barrow, hungry and exhausted.

Ron Richards' SHOP TALK

came down. The submarine was "lost," and for three days, during which the dense fog continued, she was practically helpless.

Apart from the navigation problem, the food situation be- came precarious, for there was only one day's rations aboard when the vessel set off! What supplies there were, were dis- tributed very sparingly, but after the second day at sea all the food had been consumed. And the fog persisted. Some of the men on board became ill through lack of food and sea-sickness.

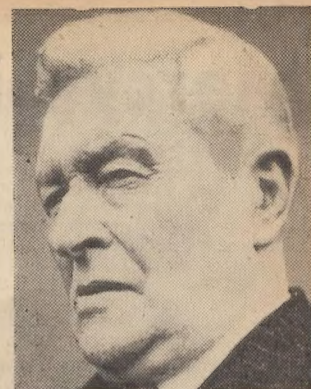
Eventually the "blinded"

SOME of the men had had little or no sleep from the time they had left Barrow. Mr. Leslie was one of those who remained on the submarine until she finally returned to Barrow after an absence of 96 hours altogether.

This is one of the most memorable experiences Mr. Leslie has had during trials of submarines and hundreds of other vessels of all types built at Barrow. He was well known amongst officers and men of the Submarine Service, and was held in the highest esteem by his col- leagues in the works, where he was a popular figure for nearly fifty years.

A native of Orkney, Bill went to Barrow when a young man, and soon gained promotion.

On retiring, he received a cheque from his employers,



Vickers Foreman, Bill Leslie

whilst his own department pre- sented him with a Westminster chiming clock and a wallet containing £120, and a handbag was presented to Mrs. Leslie.

HOME TOWN FLASH

"BILLETT."

Mr. F. J. Hemmings, head- master of Taunton's School, Southampton, evacuated to Bournemouth since the out- break of war, has a constant headache finding billets for his boys.

Back in Bournemouth the other day, enjoying a few hours' break, he was telling friends what a joy it was to be able to forget all about billets for a little while.

Just as he said it, an elderly man approached and introduced himself as an Old Boy of Taunton's School. "But you wouldn't know me," he added. "I was there 62 years ago." "Your name?" inquired the Head. "Billett," was the answer.

St. Paul Says

FINALLY, brethren, pray for us, that the word of the Lord may have free course, and be glorified, even as it is with you:

And that we may be deliv- ered from unreasonable and wicked men: for all men have not faith.

But the Lord is faithful, who shall establish you, and keep you from evil.

And we have confidence in the Lord touching you, that ye both do and will do the things which we command you.

And the Lord direct your hearts into the love of God, and into the patient waiting for Christ.

Now we command you, brethren, in the name of our Lord Jesus Christ, that ye withdraw yourselves from every brother that walketh disorderly, and not after the tradition which he received of us.

For yourselves know how ye ought to follow us: for we behaved not ourselves dis- orderly among you;

Neither did we eat any man's bread for nought; but wrought with labour and travail night and day, that we might not be chargeable to any of you:

Not because we have not power, but to make ourselves an ensample unto you to follow us.

For even when we were with you, this we commanded you, that if any would not work, neither should he eat.

For we hear that there are some which walk among you disorderly, working not at all, but are busybodies.

But ye, brethren, be not weary in well doing.

Now the Lord of peace him- self give you peace always by all means. The Lord be with you all.

We ALWAYS write to you, if you write first to "Good Morning," c/o Press Division, Admiralty, London, S.W.1



not surprised to learn that he was the champion poultryman of Canada.

Some hen fruit, eh? We had almost forgotten there were such things as real eggs!

A.B. RUSSEL SONIS.—Your girl friend, Miss McGaw, met us in the garden when we called at Beachcrest, Dunoon. And this is the photograph we took of her. Hope you like it as much as we do.

Mercy Sisters of Killarney

THE mists of time were probed and rolled aside at Killarney one autumn Monday, when the people of the district went into retrospective mood to span and applaud the one hundred years of noble and devoted service given them by the Sisters of Mercy, since their coming to the kingdom of Kerry, away back in 1844.

It was with great rejoicing that, on the second day of October, a century ago, four Sisters of Mercy from the Limerick foundation arrived at the Home of Beauty to establish their first Kerry House, but, like a rolling snowball, that feeling of ecstasy had increased a hundredfold by October, 1944, and so it was that the centenary celebrations were marked by unbounded fervour and jubilation.

Killarney, with several lifetimes of gratitude and admiration stored away in its subconscious mind, forgot all else save giving vent to its accumulated love for the Mercy Sisters.

Houses were lavishly decorated and the streets were festooned with flags and bunting, while all business was suspended in a spontaneous and unanimous tribute to the great occasion.

The ceremonies commenced at 10.30 in the morning, when clergy from many parts of the Kerry diocese passed through the open and welcoming gates of the Holy Cross Convent and out into a garden of colourful flowers and decorations to attend the centenary High Mass. The sun, in unison with the general air of rejoicing, poured its radiance on the scene as the Bishops of Kerry and Ross, Most Rev. Dr. O'Brien and Most Rev. Dr. Moynihan, arrived to felicitate the community.

When Dr. O'Brien ascended the altar to celebrate the centenary Solemn High Mass, the Convent chapel was filled with an awed silence that was soul-stirring.

And so it was throughout the solemn day that memory was brought to play on the noble and self-sacrificing deeds with which the Mercy Sisters have blessed Killarney since the black and evil days of the famine.

Perhaps the most inspiring moments were those when the public procession halted outside the building in High Street where the Order was originally founded, and the band of the 15th Infantry Battalion played "Faith of Our Fathers."

The Abb, in elegant point lace, which was worn by His Lordship at the Mass, was presented by the community of the Convent about seventy-five years ago to the then Bishop of Kerry.

The public procession in the afternoon was several thousand strong, and was representative of every section of Killarney and its surrounds. Leading was a banner of the Sacred Heart; then came the Army Band, which rendered sacred airs on the way; the school children of the parish; the choir; the women and men of the parish; and the Knights of Malta Ambulance Unit.

They passed through the streets in a throng that seemed endless—this grand big family of Killarney people.

Yes, they came as a family—the fine old people, the younger ones and the little ones. The Sisters of Mercy were waiting to see them pass to the Holy Field.

On arrival at the Convent the assemblage congregated in front of a beautifully decorated altar on the grounds to hear an address by Very Rev. Canon C. O'Sullivan, P.P., Castletown.

The community of nuns occupied seats immediately in front of the altar.

At the outset, Canon O'Sullivan read the following telegram from Cardinal Montine, Substitute Secretary of State:

"Vatican City, 22-9-44. The Holy Father, on the historic occasion of the centenary of the foundation of the Mercy Order in Killarney, paternally felicitates the community on the excellent

participation in the celebration, his paternal apostolic Benediction.—Montine."

Canon O'Sullivan then gave the centenary sermon.

Solemn Benediction by Most Rev. Dr. O'Brien followed, the assisting priests being Rev. P. O'Sullivan, C.C. (deacon) and Rev. M. Dennehy, C.C. (sub-deacon). Most Rev. Dr. Moynihan, Bishop of Ross, was again on the altar.

Numerous telegrams of felicitation arrived throughout the day from all parts of the country and from many places in England. These included messages from the various sister houses and from past pupils of the Convent now in clerical robe

RONALD RICHARDS reports how a famous Irish town one day closed its shops, festooned its streets, and paid tribute to a hundred years' mission of love and mercy.

apostolate accomplished in the past century. He most lovingly imparts to the Sisters and pupils, and all par-

Bees Build West Wall

FRANK S. STUART, managing director of the Gloster Garden Honey Co., tells how the ruthless bee deals with the enemies who threaten his city of honey.

THOUSANDS of bee organisations are these days erecting Western Walls against their various enemies.

From 20,000 to 40,000 bee labourers take up the task in each hive. They have to secure themselves against wasps, armies of robber bees, moths, idle citizens, mice, earwigs, and even Man.

First of all, the drones, bred in spring to mate young queens, are killed to the last unit in the autumn.

If they resist, their heads are bitten off and the remains contemptuously flung outside. Mostly, they go out, whining, and beg pitifully for entrance to that or another hive. Fierce "sentries" drive them from each portal; the night comes, and they die of cold and hunger. Next morning, their bodies, by the hundred, litter the apiary.

The workers are now preparing "propolis"—a word derived from Greek roots, meaning "for the city." This is a species of waxy gum, one of the strongest known, and made from resin and other substances. With this, the bees seal up every crack and cranny through which an invader might enter, except, of course, their own "front door" entrance.

Within, they construct intricate fortifications of wax (if they are allowed), more deadly to fight through than the twisty streets of an ancient city.

Most of the food in the hive they centralise round the combs on which they have decided to spend the winter. They know they will be dormant then, and will not be willing or able to go up and down the hive to forage for honey.

To exclude robbers and shut

ing propolis or otherwise, is examined by these sentries, who recognise it—or detect an enemy—by smell as well as by their miraculous sight.

You may see the sentries in these late summer days bustling up to incomers. Sentries have polished black bodies; all the soft hair that distinguishes a young bee has been worn and bitten away in fights; now their bodies are difficult to grip, and experience has made them tough, ferocious, swift opponents.

Comes a wasp, arrogant in its greater strength, meaning to nip into the hive and steal a load of honey for which it has not worked. Several times it tries to enter, and one or more sentries dart at it in the air. But it may crowd in behind several entering bees.

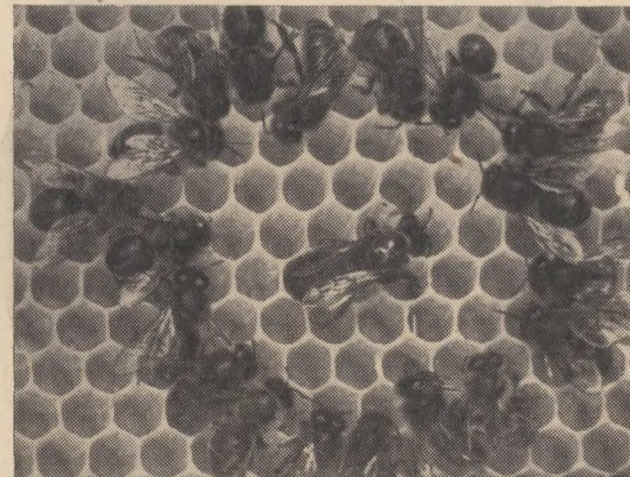
In the darkness inside, three sentries corner it as it rushes headlong into one of the waxen dead-ends built for just such a death-trap. It turns to fight.

One sentry is bitten mortally behind the wing, and staggers, yet joins with its last strength in the battle as the other two grab the wasp, and one bites its head clean off.

The casualty falls to the floor of the hive, with the wasp on top of it. The sentries seize the wasp, one by each wing, bustle the body outside, and fly together, holding it between them, casting it down a dozen yards away where it will not pollute the hive.

They return and do the same with their dying comrade; there is no pity here. Out goes the wasp's head, and the sentries join others in the gateway of the West Wall.

The real terror of these sentries is an invasion by an army of robber bees.



out deadly draughts they stick everything to everything—glass to cloth, wood to wax, and so on.

All this time, "old soldier" sentries are marching to and fro across the official entrance, on the look-out for the various enemies who may attempt to breach the "Wall."

Every bee of the 40,000 natives, flying in and out about its normal business of gather-

ing, when bees, taking stock of their honey stores for the winter, find that they have too little to see them through till springtime, they send out their most savage warriors to seek a weak hive with some honey in it. Some of these Comandos suffer the same fate as the wasp.

But presently one returns with news of a hive it has been able to enter, where honey is



Uncle Sometimes Eats

THERE was no explainable reason why I should have resented the policeman's presence. No doubt he had chosen to stand on that corner because the thin April sunshine struck warmer on that side of the street. I remember the glittering brightness of the tramlines, how their wetness flashed when caught by the slanting rays coming through the turning opposite.

I approached Uncle's watchfully. The first time, as planned, I sauntered past, spying out the land. It all seemed simple enough. A shabby side door was propped half-open and permitted a view into a dirty passage, with halfway down it another door surmounted by a sign announcing "Pledge Dept." I continued to the corner, and, quickening my steps, passed the unwelcome constable with seeming nonchalance.

There's nothing to it, I thought, and would have gone straight back and got the business over, if it had not been for that confounded policeman.

I could not very well turn on my heel and retrace my steps without his noticing me. And for some absurd reason I did not want to be noticed on this particular errand. There was nothing to be ashamed of in hocking your watch; I had told myself that all the morning, but still, there it was: the feeling was stronger than any argument.

I worked it out that if I took the first turning on the left off the main road and went up that street until there was a cross turning to the left again, I should quickly come to the street I wanted and the half-open door that was my goal. It didn't pan out quite as I expected—took a little longer all round, but I eventually found myself approaching the pawnbroker's door again. A group of women were standing at the entrance, but it would have taken more than that to put me off this time. I turned boldly into the passage, and was met by a new notice hanging on the door. "Gone to lunch," it said.

M. M.

SIGNS OF THE TIMES

By Cedric Gibbons

"WE'RE busier than I can ever remember, and I've been in the signwriting business for close on forty years."

So said a well-known signwriting firm's manager to me the other day when we were discussing the order that allows name-plates to again be displayed.

When the Germans threatened to invade Britain in 1940, many thousands of name-plates were hidden. Even milestones were taken from spots where they had stood for centuries.

Nearly 250,000 signposts had to be uprooted in 1940; hundreds of street names in "danger areas" were obliterated; the names of 6,698 railway stations were "hidden."

"Painting names out takes some time," he added, "but we're slowly but surely getting over the difficulty. As it is, I keep a very strict list of those who want the services of the two men I still have at my disposal."

"So keen are some firms to have their business address once more on their vehicles that we often paint the address on special paper—at home, in our 'spare time'—and they paste this on until we are able to do the job properly."

British signwriters have for centuries been among the finest at their specialised art in the world. It was in the 17th century that Europe first began to be attracted by the skill of this small band of professional artists, and it is on record that many Continental firms, when they needed a specialist, were willing to send to Britain for such a man.

As in most professions, the men of the signwriting art, for hundreds of years, have been drawn from families who have specialised in the training of such artists.

In various parts of the country I have met such families. I was talking recently to a Kentish signwriter, whose ancestors started in the business three hundred years ago, in a modified form, and I asked him if he believed, after the war, that we should continue to be the best signwriters in the world.

"I see no reason why not," he said, "although I have noticed that young chaps seem, in many cases, to prefer going in for other trades."

HE JUMPS TO KEEP COOL

BEFORE the war you could buy in many London shops for a penny or two beans that jumped when you held them in your hand.

The movements of the beans when brought into the warmth are fascinating and unpredictable. They roll and rock, may actually leave the surface for an eighth of an inch, and make a considerable jump forwards.

Apart from being curiosities, these beans have been used in recent years for treating certain eye defects, watching their movements being one of the "exercises."

What is the secret of these jumping beans? Their movements were a complete mystery until some years ago a naturalist, with a most delicate operation and painstaking observation, revealed that it is not the bean that "jumps," but a grub inside it.

The so-called bean is really one-third of the fruit of a Mexican plant. The fruit is made up of three sections, each shaped rather like a brazil nut, but very much smaller—about one-third of an inch long.

A moth lays its egg inside the fruit before it is ripened. The fruit grows and covers the hole. By the time it is ripe the grub is hatched.

Having eaten the contents of the fruit, the grub turns itself into a chrysalis, but before doing so, cuts away a

"door" to enable it to get out when it becomes a moth—surely one of the most astonishing pieces of forethought in Nature.

Moreover, it does not cut the door quite through, but leaves it so that the smallest push will open up the hole.

The "jumping" of the bean is due to its shape and the sudden muscular movements of the grub inside as it throws itself about.

These movements have been watched through a hole covered by a glass window—early attempts to observe the grub failed because as soon as a window was cut the moth closed it with silk.

Apparently, what it objected to was not the light, but the draught, for when the window is glazed it goes on jumping.

Why does it jump?—The explanation suggested is that it wants to find a cool place in which to pass the chrysalis stage. So long as it is warm, it jerks and moves the bean about.

Sooner or later, in the desert country where the bean-plant grows, the jumping would result in the bean getting half under a stone or twig. Then the grub feels cooler and stays still!

T. S. Douglas

BUCK RYAN



ODDITIES OF SPORT

By J. M. MICHAELSON

HOWEVER carefully the laws of a game are devised to cover every possible eventual-ity, there are bound to be occasions when a situation arises that is not provided for. Then the referee or judge on the spot has to give a ruling which may or may not be later upheld by the governing body for the game. Often these odd occasions give rise to an amendment or addition to the laws.

The curious fact that the laws of billiards said nothing about the lengths or weights of the cues that must be used came to light at Thurston's as recently as 1938, when Alec Brown produced from his pocket a cue four inches long and proceeded to play a close ball with it! The referee penalised him seven points.

A situation without precedent arose at a tennis tournament at Roehampton in April, 1936, and the umpire had to give an "on-the-spot" ruling. One of the players gave a ball a tremendous smash at the net. The ball just disappeared "into thin air." No one saw it bounce, and there was a puzzled silence.

Then the player himself found the ball. He was using one of the new "streamlined" rackets with a narrow opening in the neck. The force of his hit had driven the ball into the hole, which was about half its diameter. The umpire gave the point against him.

You would probably back a horse to beat a man at almost any distance over any course. In actual fact, George Cummings, the great professional walker, beat a good horse over a course from London to York. He could keep a good six m.p.h. going longer than a horse.

T. G. Towns, an Olympic hurdler, once took on one of the best "jumpers" in the U.S. Cavalry over a standard 120 yards hurdle course at Fort Oglethorpe. To give the horse "room to move," half its hurdles were removed. Towns's skill told over the horse's longer stride and jump. Man beat horse by six inches.

Weight for age is the way horses are handicapped. In races between men, handicapping is carried out by "giving a start." Suppose runners were handicapped by weight like horses, what weight would represent a five-yards start? I leave you to work it out. But there have been some odd races on this basis.

In 1937, Bertram Wickens, aged 38, was given 50 yards' start in a 100-yards race against G. Jervis. Wickens also had to carry eight stone on his back! You would think that youth and no weight would have equalled a start of even 50 yards, but Wickens won by three yards.

Many experiments have shown that a tremendous weight is required to prevent a man with 50 yards' start winning a 100-yards race, but the story over even 110 yards might be different.

Champions have sometimes demonstrated their skill by using unorthodox implements for games. We've all heard of golfers who were "gardeners." John Montague became the sensation of golf circles some years back when he used gardening tools instead of golf clubs. Using nothing but a shovel, rake and a baseball bat, he beat many good golfers in the U.S. using the orthodox clubs.

Hardly less odd was the case of Raymond Miller, of Adelaide. He played his billiards using an umbrella as a cue - and he could make his 100 breaks with it and give points to the average amateur.



"The Admiralty, and drive like blazes!"

Good
Morning

The "Forth" Page



What's wrong with this picture? All the lads have gathered in No. 30 Mess, H.M.S. "Forth"—there's E.R.A. Boisteille well to the fore, and E.R.A.s Evans and Toothill raring to go—but where's the chow? Something seriously wrong somewhere!



"What has he got to grin at? That's what we'd like to know." C.E.R.A. C.W. Fink looks as though he knows a thing or three! Must have been a few tots of rum over at "sippers" that morning!



Knocking back pints at the "Good Evening" Club. It's an old "Forth" custom among P.O.s. Especially Sunday evenings, eh!



Here's where the rug-cutters go when they call "Time" at the Argyll and the Crown. Any "Forth" man present who doesn't remember the Pavilion Dance-hall? We thought not.



In case anybody had forgotten what a submarine looks like, we arranged for ace cameraman "Fuse" Wilson to loose off a film in "Shakespeare." Wilson tells us that he strongly advises any submariner, who gets the chance, to go over a submarine some day—highly interesting, he calls it.



Another shot from "Fuse" Wilson's camera, during his lightning tour of "Shakespeare." Judging from the number of blokes he's managed to crowd in, he was setting out to prove that a photographer can get a quart into a pint pot. But that little trick was easily beaten by the hero in the picture, who's happily proving that he can get a gallon pot into himself with ease!



Taking the rations on board H.M. Submarine "Shakespeare." A.B.s Hayes and Marchant and L/S. Onions seem mighty pleased with themselves—"What's cooking, fellows?"